The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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THE FRIEND'S BURIAL.

My thoughts are all in yonder town,
Where, wept by many tears,
To-day my mother's friend lays down
The burden of her years.

Make room, O mourning ones, for me,
Where, like the friends of Paul,
That you no more her face shall see,
You sorrow most of all.

Her path shall brighten, more and more,
Unto the perfect day;
She cannot fail of peace who bore
Such peace with her away.

For all her quiet life flowed on,
As meadow streamlets flow,
Where fresher green reveals alone
The noiseless ways they go.

How reverent in our midst she stood,
Or knelt in grateful praise!
What grace of Christian womanhood
Was in her household ways!

For still her holy living meant
No duty left undone;
The heavenly and the human blent
Their kindred loves in one.

And if her life small leisure found
For feasting ear and eye,
And Pleasure, on her daily round
She passed unpausing by,

Yet with her went a secret sense
Of all things sweet and fair,
And Beauty's gracious providence
Refreshed her unaware.

She kept her line of rectitude
With love's unconscious ease;
Her kindly instincts understood
All gentle courtesies.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The Gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives;
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives.

—*John G. Whittier.*

HOW TO CHANGE CROSSES INTO CROWNS.

Our best thoughts of earth no longer culminate in crowns, and our hopes of heaven have changed with those of earth. I do not think our hopes for that great world beyond are less earnest, but they are not shaped into the same imagery of awful thrones, and ranks of white-robed angels, and saints with crowns and harps. When in our quiet hours we look on into those silent vistas of the life to be, it is with more home-like longings. It is this life that we want to go on with, something as it is here, only better, fuller, than here, with less of weary strain, more rest, more time for friendship, more of that sweet, natural joy of living which here we just get now and then, but which, in the rush of earth, so constantly eludes us. Well, this other word, not just the crown, but "the crown of life" just meets our feeling. For it suggests, not some outward splendor put upon this life, but an inner radiance growing out of it. It suggests a sweet and tender glory that comes in the very life itself, through patiently enduring, and that begins to appear here, though it only comes to any perfectness in heaven. And it is not the less "given" by the Lord to them that love him.

The glory of the sunset is not the less God's gift to the world, though it spreads over the wondering earth and sky by the silent working of his laws. And so with this crown of life that I want to speak of,—the crown of ennobled life that comes out of the cross, the way the very crosses change as it were, if bravely, patiently borne, yes—into crowns. Why, you see it every day in the cross of *sorrow*. Of course sorrow may be so received as only to weigh the life down and crush it, sometimes even to make it fretful and complaining, and only more selfish than before. But on the other hand, when sorrow is met with a quiet, earnest heart, have you never seen what a beauty it brings upon the life? I think some of the noblest faces you ever see are those of people who, as the old word has it, "have come out of great tribulation." The cross is there; you can read the suffering that is within; you know the loneliness, the weakness, but as you watch, you see the life growing nobler through bearing it. You see the cheerful courage, the tender patience, the loving thought for others, the growing strength, the greater dignity of life;—what is all this but that very crown of life "which the Lord has promised to them that love him?" The cross is there, but even in the steadfast bearing, it is changing into a crown of nobler life.

But take it, not of the cross of sorrow or suffering, but of the cross of *duty*. For all duty has to be a cross at first. This whole life Christ calls us to—it is the noblest life in the world, but there is no mistake about its being hard. Christ was right; "If a man will follow me let him deny himself and take up his cross." The cross always has to come first. There is often a great gleam of joy in turning to the Christian life. That is the joy Christ invites men to: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." That is the joy men tell of in conversion. But when you start really to work out the new life, then it is always hard. Said George Fox, the Quaker, "I was a man of sorrows in the time of the first working of the Lord in me." The better life is hard in the beginning. And if we never get further than the beginning—many never do—if every time we have gone a few steps we break down, and so have to be constantly repenting and resolving anew, then it will be hard always. But it need not be so. "Blessed is the man that *endureth* temptation," that holds out, lasts out, against it; earnest, active resistance, that is what it means; and, if we "endure" in that deep sense, then gradually the way will become a little easier. And apart from whether it seems easier or not, it certainly becomes a great deal nobler. It is wonderful what dignity a little moral effort, earnestly held to, brings upon a life. I do not mean that it brings perfection. The man who is trying to be a better man, may still feel very weak and as if he made very little way; he may fall back, and sometimes be almost ready to give up trying; but if he does not give up, if he keeps his face set the true way and really means it, then his life will begin to be a nobler thing than it has ever been before. It will have a firmer footing, a new grace of earnestness. It will draw toward higher sources of happiness. It will gather about it purer and more lasting friendships. The whole being will be lifted up into a finer power and purpose, and those who look upon it will see that the cross is gradually changing into a crown of stronger, finer life.

You may follow out this thought more closely, and still it is true. The effort after a real Christian life is made up of many parts. It is not one great cross, it is numberless little crosses. "Take up thy cross *daily*," said the Master. Look into these details of daily duty, these difficulties, these self-denials, and you will find that every one of these lesser crosses, if faithfully "endured," faithfully taken up and carried, not only helps to bring the crown of life, but itself changes insensibly from a cross into a crown.—*Brooke Herford.*

THE STILL HOUR.

When denied the end I sought,
To accomplish which I wrought
With the best of all I was
And am, when there came the pause
In the struggle I had waged,
Baffled, beaten, I assuaged
Bitter disappointment, then,
In this prayer: "O God of Men,
God of Wisdom, God of Power,
God of Love, in this one hour

"From the Battle of Defeat
I am risen to my feet;
From the strife and smoke and blare
Breathe I now a purer air!
Sword in hand, with vision keen,
Stand I with undaunted mien,
Gazing upward, and afar,
Where are thick-sown star on star,
Assured that One knew best for me—
If defeat or victory!"

—*George Newell Lovejoy.*

I believe that some of the best missionary work that is done to-day is done by invalids who never leave their bedrooms, or by old people, or by those who are very poor and have little of material means to give to the work of the kingdom; but they give to their Lord what is most precious in his sight,—a true yearning heart, a constant remembrance, a constant, faithful prayer.—*Rev. J. H. Taylor.*

He who has come to God as his Father and Friend is always at home; he feels the strengthening, guiding hand; he hears the loving, tender, warning voice, and he comes to himself. What can he fear? He has God in his heart.

Every Sunday is an opening out of time into eternity, out of earthly work into heavenly rest, out of things seen and temporal into those which are unseen and eternal.

The rest of the Lord's Day is not outward but inward,—a rest from anxiety, sorrow, and sin. It is reliance on an infinite care, trust in an infinite Providence, confidence in a fatherly love waiting to forgive us whenever we turn to God.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.*]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

OFFERS.

Will any one who would like to receive "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 237 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.?

The Cambridge Branch offers the following books. Address Miss M. A. Vinal, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Juveniles.

"Aunt Jo's Scrap-bag"; "Leila at Home"; "Sweet Clover"; "Little Blossom's Reward"; "Seedtime and Harvest"; "Tales and Legends"; "Amy Deane"; "American Boy's Life of McKinley"; "Zigzag Journeys in Acadia"; "Knights and Sea Kings"; "A Young Knight-Errant"; "Fairy Tale Plays"; "Melchior's Dream," Mrs. Ewing; "Faith Gartney's Girlhood."

Miscellaneous.

"Story of Emin's Rescue," Stanley; "A Little Book of Profitable Tales," Eugene Field; "Long-leafed Pine and Virgin Forest"; "Last Poems," Susan Coolidge; "Tuskegee and its People"; "The Hidden Servants," Francesca Alexander; "Woman's share in Primitive Culture"; "Fra Angelico"; "Christian's Mistake," Miss Mulock; "Odyssey," translated by Bryant; "Agamemnon," Text and Translation; "Wishing-cap Papers," Leigh Hunt; "Genesis of Species," Mivart; "The Science of Government."

Address Miss V. M. Allen, 27 Lindsey Street, Dorchester, Mass., for any of the following: "The Young Nimrods," "Around the World on a Bicycle," "Evening Amusements," "Helps over Hard Places" (for boys), "Helps over Hard Places" (for girls), "Wings and Webs," "Peter Parley's Annual," "The Huguenot Galley Slave," "A Talk with my Pupils," "Bright Pictures from Child Life," "Little Men" and "Little Women," "My School-boy Friends," "Lives of Familiar Insects," "School-boy Honor," "Bonnie Scotland," "The Sandalwood Trader," "No such Word as Fail," "Thunder and Lightning," "Stories by a Mother," "Fresh and Salt Water Aquarium," "Eothen; or, Traces of Travel brought Home from the East," "Impulse and Principle," "Once upon a Time," "The King's Messenger," "Rambles of a Butterfly," "In Search of the Castaways," "Robert Elsmere," "Mineralogy and Crystallography." Many of the above books are suitable for a Sunday-school library. Back numbers of leading magazines, school-books (mostly readers), and music.

The Milton Branch offers the following books. Address Miss Edith S. Tilden, 55 White Street, Milton, Mass.

Biography.

"John Sterling," Carlyle; "Memoir of Anna Jameson"; "Lewis G. Janes"; "Revere Memorial"; "Fremont's Life, Explorations, and Public Services."

Religious.

"Logic of Christian Evidences," Wright; "Sermons of Consolation," Greenwood; Progress of Religious Ideas, vol. iii., "Christianity and Mohammedanism," L. Maria Child; "Christian Consolations," A. P. Peabody; Brooks' "Family Prayers";

"The Silent Pastor," Ware; "Hebrew Lyrical History," Bulfinch; "A Year of Miracle," Gannett; Dewey's "Discourses"; Dewey's "Sermons"; "Conflict between Religion and Science," Draper; "Sabbath School Assistant"; "Letters to Young Ladies," 1857, Mrs. Sigourney.

Poetry.

"The Christian Armor," 1865; "The Psalm of Life," Hymns, 1857; "Christian Hymns"; "Bitter Sweet," Holland; "Festus," Bailey; "Marmion," Scott; "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics"; "Philo: an Evangeliad"; "Poems," N. P. Willis; "Poetry and Prose," Charles Sprague.

History.

Montgomery's "English History"; "Our Country's Story," Tappan; "From Colony to Commonwealth"; "The United States in 1861," translated from the French; "America before Europe," Gasparin; Freeman's "History of Germany"; Freeman's "History of Italy"; "First History of France," Creighton; "History of Greece," Myers; "History of Greece," Botsford; "History of Greece," Dr. Smith; "History of Rome," Dr. Smith; "History of Rome," Yonge; "Mediæval Europe," Adams.

Fiction.

"Robert Falconer," MacDonald; "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," MacDonald; "Men's Wives," Thackeray; "Life in Danbury," Bailey; "Picciola," Saintine; "Parthenia," Mrs. Lee; "Sights and Insights," Mrs. Whitney; "Patience Strong's Outings," Mrs. Whitney; "Ivanhoe," Scott; "The Talisman," Scott; "Tales of a Traveller," Irving; "Alton Locke," Kingsley.

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. *My dear Cheerful Letter Friends,*—I want to write and thank you for the many kindnesses you have shown me. It has been such a pleasure to me to receive reading matter, letters, and post-cards. I have moved since I last wrote you, but I find it more lonesome up here than I did in Buchanan, for I do not know any one hardly, and have been sick and had to stay in the house. I want to thank all again for what you have done for me, and if it is not asking too much I would still like to get reading matter and post-cards. Stella P. Snapp, 210 8th Avenue, S. W., Roanoke, Virginia.

2. I would be glad of any good reading. I live away off in the country, the neighborhood is thinly settled, only a short term of school, and seldom any preaching. We are nine miles from town and off of the public road, so you see that we would appreciate something to pass off the time with, and I want to try and teach the children at home as much as I can. I have three little girls, eight, seven, and five years of age. I shall appreciate books, cards with mottoes for them, and would like current numbers of *Ladies' Home Journal*, or "Called Back," for myself. Mrs. Maud Walters, R. F. D. No. 1, Box 54, Athens, Texas.

3. Will you please send me a hymn-book that can be used at morning devotions, also children's hymns. Mrs. T. D. Sanborn, East Thetford, Vermont.

4. I am a poor district school teacher, and would like to receive the *Ladies' Home Journal* and other good reading, either books or magazines, also some good poems. Miss Bess L. Gilbert, R. F. D. No. 2, Box 54, Stuart, Virginia.

5. *Dear Cheerful Letter Friends,*—It has been a long time since I have asked a favor of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, and I come now in behalf of my children who are in want of school-books, and don't know where to get them. They are "Lessons in Physical Geography," by Charles R. Dryer, and "Colton's Physiology." I also would like to get current numbers of *Ladies' Home Journal* and any good book for myself. Would very much like to get "Beulah," by Augusta Evans, and "Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." Mrs. Adelia Wofford, Route 2, Box 14, Athens, Texas.

6. I am thanking you for the *Cheerful Letter* you have been sending me all this while. I shall be delighted to receive "The Homestead on the Hillside," "Orange Blossoms," by M. J. Holmes, and post-cards. I have written you several times and never have heard from you yet. I would be glad of a correspondent. Hope your friends will remember me. Mrs. James S. Garriett, R. F. D. No. 1, Spencer, Virginia.

7. Mrs. William J. Heath, Mingus, Texas, asks for "History of Africa, Past and Present," or any Ancient History, and a copy of "Herodotus."

8. *Dear Cheerful Letter Friends,*—It has been some time since I have written to you through this dear little paper. We have left Pleasant View and are living on our own little farm about two miles from there. I have not had any reading matter sent me for a long time, and would be glad if some one would spare me a few good books. I am so anxious for "Blennerhasset," by C. F. Pidgin; and also "At the Mercy of Tiberius" and "A Speckled Bird," by Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson. Mrs. A. D. Bibb, Sandridges, R. F. D. No. 2, Amherst County, Virginia.

9. Pitman's "System of Shorthand" is asked for by Mrs. W. F. Galloway of Dover, North Carolina, for two of her pupils who cannot afford to buy, and are in great need of it.

10. I am a farmer's wife and live on rented land. My husband is not able to work. We are very poor people. We live in the country, not near any railroad nor town. The church is not very handy, but we go as often as possible. I would be glad of a little reading. Mrs. Mildred Dillon, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina.

11. Mrs. Mary McFarland has moved from Roosevelt to Mountain Park, Oklahoma, and desires to thank all for the reading matter which has been sent her. It has been a great help and pleasure to her neighbors as well as herself. She will greatly appreciate any that may be sent her.

12. Rose E. Jones, Scotland, Arkansas, is exceedingly grateful for the reading matter received, and asks for a Fashion book, also a book of poems or of "Etiquette."

13. Mrs. R. L. Pratt, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, asks for reading for a six-year-old girl.

14. Mrs. S. H. Parker, Polkton, North Carolina, R. F. D. No. 3, Box 26, asks for a Third Reader, "Harrington's Spelling-book," Grammar, and Arithmetic.

15. Mrs. L. Burdick, Packwaukee, Wisconsin, asks for a Bible for her grandson, eight years old, and magazines for herself.

16. Mrs. Sara Gilbert, 203 East 9th Street, Atlantic, Iowa, wishes for a paper or reading suitable for children from eight to fourteen years of age.

17. Mrs. Fannie Gale, Polkton, North Carolina, asks for "Elements of English Composition" and any magazine.

18. W. R. Chapman, Criglersville, Madison County, Virginia, a poor school teacher, will be especially grateful for any of the following: Ray's "Test Problems in Algebra," "Elements of Composition and Rhetoric," by Virginia Waday; "Grade Lessons in English," A. Reed; "Art of Reading," by Mary S. Neff; "School Zoölogy," by Burnett; "Practical English," by Brooth; "Elocution for Busy People," by F. R. Haywood; "History of Greece," by Victor Duruy.

19. Miss Fannie Mills, Spencer, Virginia, a poor country girl of seventeen, with three sisters younger and four brothers, will be glad of suitable reading.

20. Will some one send *Comfort*, a small paper published in Augusta, Maine, to Mrs. M. H. Fitz, Spencer, Virginia, R. F. D. No. 1. Mrs. Fitz lives in the country, and finds it hard to get reading matter. She has one daughter two years of age.

21. Mrs. Tiner Little, Marshville, North Carolina, asks for a Fourth Reader and any magazines.

22. Edward Johnson, Quincy, Newton County, Arkansas, living where he does not get much reading, asks for *Youth's Companion* or *Young People's Weekly*.

23. Miss Mitford, Dusenberry, Fredericksburg, Virginia, many miles from home and friends, out in the country teaching two little girls in a good, kind family, but where there is literally nothing to read in the house but the Bible and almanac, no near neighbors, and no church within seven miles, finds the situation rather hard, and asks for something for herself, as well as for something suitable to read to her little pupils who are ten and twelve years of age. She would like for herself *Literary Digest* or *Review of Reviews*, and suggests *St. Nicholas* or *Youth's Companion* for the children. Their address, Mary and Carrie Flippo, Box 15, R. F. D. No. 1, Fredericksburg, Virginia.

24. Mrs. M. G. Tyler, Spillman, West Virginia, living where she is entirely cut off from all connection with any sort of library or any other literary institutions, will be so grateful for any of the following books to be read in her own family and passed on to

others. "Adam Bede," "Silas Marner," "Mill on the Floss," "Eight Cousins," "Rose in Bloom," "Jane Eyre," any of Washington Irving's; "Fruit of the Tree," "Tyranny of the Dark," or any by Sienkiewicz.

25. Mrs. Carrie Clanton, Spencer, Virginia, an invalid, living in a lonely place, would like any reading.

26. Mrs. Caroline H. Dall, 1526 18th Street, Washington, D.C., would be glad to receive a copy of "Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith."

Oscar and Fletcher Dodson have moved from The Hollow, Virginia, their present address unknown.

The address of Mrs. Emma M. Backus is changed from Grovetown, Georgia, to College Park, Georgia.

AT REST.

Miss Millie Nebergall, of Newton, Kansas; Mrs. M. S. Sibley, Branch, Michigan.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

MARY OSBORNE AND THE BOYS.

Besides her duties in the Sunday-school, Mary Osborne made it a part of her system of doing good to establish friendly relations so far as she could, with all the boys in the neighborhood where she lived, in hopes of gaining an influence over them, and leading them into the right ways of thinking and action. She had not much time to devote to work of this kind, but it does not take much time. It only requires a heart for the work, and some degree of tact and good sense in doing it.

If, for instance, when Mary Osborne heard that such or such a boy was a bad boy, she had said to herself, "Then I will take care and not have anything to do with him," and when she passed him in the street had looked sternly at him, by way of expressing her disapproval of his conduct and character, he would, of course, have acquired a dislike to her, and she would have destroyed whatever of influence she might otherwise have had over him. And if, when she met him, she had stopped to talk with him, ever so kindly, about his faults and his evil courses, and to warn him of the consequences which would follow in the end if he did not amend them, it would not have been much better.

Instead of this, Mary Osborne always said in such cases: "I must first get him to *like* me, before I can have any influence over him. And to make him like me, I must make him think I am his friend; and to make him think I am his friend, I must really *be* his friend. I must feel kindly toward him, and must help him in some way or other, or do him some good,—and that, too, in accordance with his ideas of good."

Thus, whenever she heard about any boy's being bad in any way, instead of saying to herself, "If that's the kind of boy he is, I'll take care not to have anything to do with him," she always said to herself: "He is a bad boy, is he? Then I must find some way of getting acquainted with him."

She got this idea from studying one of her Sunday-school lessons, which contained an account of our Saviour's seeking so much the company of publicans and sinners; and especially from the verse in which he explains the reason why he did so, by saying, "The whole need not a physician, but those who are sick." It was her habit always, when reading the precepts and injunctions of our Lord, to consider what duty they required of *her*. So when she had finished reading this passage, and shut up the book to put it away, she said to herself:

"Who are the publicans and sinners for me? It must be the naughty boys and girls that live within my reach."

So she made it her business, from time to time, as she had opportunity, to become more or less acquainted with the poor boys that she met in the streets. The first thing was to know their names, so that she could speak to them and call them by name when she passed them. This alone went a great way toward giving them a friendly feeling toward her. Then sometimes she would stop and talk with them a few minutes, and help them if they were in any difficulty, or look pleased to witness their play, if all was going well.

Sometimes she would engage a boy, who had the reputation of being a bad boy, to come and do some work for her in her garden, and would help him about his work, and talk with him about his own affairs, and bring out whatever of good sentiment or feeling there might be in his heart.

The boy, in such a case, would go away at last with the pay which Mary would give him, thinking that Miss Osborne was the very nicest lady he ever knew, and prepared to fall in readily with any counsel or advice which she might, at any future time, when a proper occasion should offer, think it best to give him.

And even if she did not give him any formal advice, the boy knew very well the differ-

ence between right and wrong, and he knew, moreover, that the young lady whom he so much admired, loved and practised the right; and this alone, without any formal advice from Mary, had a very powerful influence over him. All people—and more especially young people—are very strongly inclined to think and feel as those do whom they *like*. It results from this, that one of the easiest and most agreeable ways of doing good in this world, is first to think and feel right yourselves, and thus to make other people *like you*, by being kind and attentive to them. You do not have to explain to them how you think and feel, nor tell them wherein they are wrong, or give them advice of any kind. This may be all well enough, it is true, in some cases, but it is not necessary, especially in the case of children. If they like you, they will be led insensibly, but almost irresistibly, to talk as you talk, to do as you do, and to feel as you feel.

Mary Osborne came, at last, to be regarded in so friendly a manner by all the boys, high and low, that lived in her neighborhood, that they were always pleased to see her coming. They sometimes ran to meet her, and always spoke to her when she passed. She sometimes invited them, two or three at a time, to come to the grounds belonging to the house where she lived, and made little entertainments for them, taking care, on such occasions, not to bring together such as, for any reason, it was not well to bring together. These things she did not alone for the poor and bad boys, but also for the poor and good, and also for the rich and bad. For there are good boys and bad boys in all ranks of society,—quite as many, perhaps, among the high as among the lowly.

All this did not take much of Mary Osborne's time. To stop and say a few kind words to boys flying a kite or playing with a wagon, does not require *time*,—but only the heart to do it.—*Mary Osborne, by Jacob Abbott.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

DO ANIMALS REASON?

II.

While I am talking about my birds, my collies have been let loose from their shed, and come bounding to express their morning greeting. Now I should be ashamed to look Togo in the face and tell him that he had not any reasoning power. He may not understand the English language thoroughly, but between us we manage to do a lot of talking. Perhaps affection, obedience, courtesy, do not come within the range of qualities denied by Mr. Burroughs to animals. When my father died, in the field, his dog sat down beside him, forbidding any one to touch him. When at last he was removed to his house, the dog took a position opposite his window, where he watched night and day. If a stranger entered the gate he took him by the hand and led him into the house: holding him firmly, but without injury, until sure that he was reliable. I do not know how instinct could have covered this case, even if instinct be a gift. While addressing the Chicago Philosophical Society, I took the position that dogs had a sense out of range of our own. A friend who had just returned from Australia said to me, "I doubt your position." She then showed me a photograph of an Australian policeman and a little native lad. These lads are able, on all fours, to run speedily along the track of their own kin, who have marauded the sheep ranches. They go with their noses to the ground, precisely like a dog. Reaching home from Florida, while entirely out of sight of my house among the trees, and fifty rods from the doorway, my collies not only heard me but distinguished my steps, coming with a grand burst of joy down the roadway. They had not only heard but had argued from their senses, for I had been gone four months. Their joy was eloquent, although not told in our vernacular. It was, however, as easily translated as Greek or Sanskrit. These collies have acquired a power of laughing, and by drawing up their facial muscles express such emotions as sport, shame, and desire for companionship. It is often a ridiculous affair, especially when they desire to say they are sorry for having run off to visit Rover. An animal's language is about one-half in the tail, but his facial and tongue speech is growing in capacity—at least with the collie. Talk to your animals as if you expected them to understand, and you will find that they constantly increase their capacity for understanding.

Cows, as a rule, have been bred so closely for milk and nothing else, that their wits have not been wakened. Accidentally, however, we have got the gentle Jersey, and better yet the shrewd Ayrshire. Brought up on the Scottish hillsides, the latter have had to live largely by considerable climbing and calculation. The result is they are as keen as the Jerseys are peaceable. I had one a few years ago who manifested a most marked spirit of fun-making. It was a favorite game, when I entered the barn cellars and stables, for her to look at me as if challenging my attention, when she would start for the hen roost, beginning at one end

of the long roost, and with her horns sweeping the whole sixty into a fluttering, squalling rout. When this was accomplished she whirled around to me with a look that said, "Didn't I do that up brown?" Coming home from my Western parish, I found she had come to milk. But my home people told me that I must get rid of her at once, for she would not only kill her calf but everything and everybody on the place. When trying to milk her they had her penned in a fence corner, with pegs before and behind her front legs and her hind legs fastened in the same way. Then one stood with a brush to keep off the flies, while another made cautious attempts to secure the milk. I placed a rope around her horns and led her out into the lawn grass. It was luscious, and she enjoyed it hugely. The next morning I held a rope over the barn gate and told her to come. She understood me thoroughly, but declined to submit her horns. I waited patiently, talking to her, until she finally gave up her gallopades, and deliberately offered her horns. I, as deliberately, placed on the rope and led her out. This was repeated for a week; and then I called the hired man to bring his pail and milk her. He protested vigorously; but she stood without attempting to move, until he was well finished, and then went on with her feeding. That was one of the best cows that I ever had, and her behavior was admirable. I do not believe that we have made any decent attempts to make our bovine friends show their capacity for reasoning.—*E. P. Powell, in the Independent.*

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT SHAKESPEARE.

III.

For reasons variously assigned, but in the main due to a general depression of trade, the circumstances of Alderman Shakespeare grew less prosperous as time went on. It may be that he suffered for his religious belief—he was a recusant. Or his sons may have proved a heavy expense at a time when money was scarce in the town. In 1578 John Shakespeare was involved in debt, and in the autumn of that year he effected a mortgage of forty pounds upon his wife's Wilmcote estate, The Asbies.

In 1582 William Shakespeare took one of the most important steps of his life. He married Anne Hathaway. Being then in his nineteenth year, though his bride was about eight years his senior, he required sureties. These were Fulk Sandells and John Richardson, two Shottery men. With these friends the young couple appear to have journeyed to Worcester about the 28th of November, 1582, and there executed a marriage bond, which is still preserved among the bishop's muniments.

The bond bears the seal of Richard Hathaway, who was then dead; but it was used as the family seal by his representative. The bond requires the consent of the bridegroom's friends ("her" probably equals "his" in the bond).

Shakespeare's eldest child was a girl named Susanna. Afterward, twins were born. They were baptized Feb. 2, 1585, by the names of Judith and Hamnet.

According to Archdeacon Davis, Vicar of Sapperton in Gloucestershire, who died in 1708, the young man "was much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir Thomas Lucy, who had him oft whipped and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country, to his great advancement; but his revenge is so great, that he is his Justice Clodpate, and calls him a great man; and that in allusion to his name, he bore three louses [pike] rampant for his arms."

A review of this matter convinces the writer that the tradition is founded on fact, and that for some cause, the exact nature of which is not known, Shakespeare had incurred the displeasure of the Squire of Charlecote. The local allusions in "Henry IVth." and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" are too obvious to be mistaken.

About the year 1586 it would appear that Shakespeare was in London; and we may be assured that he appeared there, not as an outcast, but as the son of a respectable burgess of Stratford. He had friends and kinsmen in London, and soon began to lay the foundation of an ample fortune. That he joined one of the companies of actors in 1587 is probable.

It is also strictly in agreement with known facts, that he entered the company in a humble capacity, and worked his way upwards. It must, however, be remembered that in the days of Elizabeth the profession of actor was both honorable and lucrative.—*William Stanton, "Stratford-on-Avon."*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A GOOD BREAKFAST.

The secret of a good day is a good morning, and a good morning always begins the night before. So many things toward a good start the coming day can be done the hour before you retire. The coffee is not to be ground nor the teakettle filled to spoil over

night, as I told you, but the dining-room can be swept, the table set with silver and china, the clean mosquito netting thrown over it, to keep off dust, and the fire laid for kindling, if necessary. Night, too, is the time for little personal cares which thriftless people hurry through on rising, with breakfast duties waiting, and are apt to slight accordingly. Then is the time to wash neck, ears, arms, and armpits daily with soap and hot water, for one perspires more when active, and no care is too nice to prevent odors from clinging about dress and person, which are the vulgar but necessary consequence of housework. At night brush the hair thoroughly, and wash it once a week; rub your slippers with glycerine polish; baste the fresh ruffle in your gown; trim your finger nails, and sew on the loose button. It will be a relief to find your dress and belongings ready to slip into next morning. If you do not bathe daily, and are in more or less dust, thorough neatness demands washing the feet nightly as much as washing the neck, and a fresh pair of stockings every day will be necessary for our nice housekeeper, even if she washes them herself. There is the comfort of doing one's own work, that no Bridget can grumble over the quantity of clean towels and toilet-covers, hose and pillow-cases found desirable.

Now for this hurry of early breakfast, which is the bugbear of the day; you must strive and practise till it is a machine matter down to the smallest point. Set the water from the faucet running the first thing, draw on sweeping-cap and gloves for stove-work, and let me whisper one secret again, rub glycerine or sweet oil on your cheeks to prevent burning them over the fire. Fill the teakettle, and have your frying-pan and griddles on before lighting the fire, as I told you, that they catch every bit of heat, open the dampers five minutes till the stove roars, then close the oven damper to throw the heat to the top of the stove, where it is needed instead of up chimney. If you want an early breakfast, you must have potatoes and cracked wheat or oatmeal boiled the day before: then coffee can be made, beefsteak cooked, potatoes stewed or fried in American style, the mush steamed or fried brown, and griddle begun or eggs boiled, in fifteen minutes from the time you come down. Time yourself by the clock, day by day, until you can do this.—*Mrs. S. D. Power, Anna Maria's Housekeeping.*

HELPS AND HINTS.

[The following suggestions were sent to the magazine *Good Housekeeping*, which had asked for such, in order to print them in one of their departments. They were all declined. The author now presents them to the *Cheerful Letter*, hoping that some one may find them worth reading.]

1. At a period when alcohol had suddenly more than doubled in price, an economical housekeeper invented this plan for keeping tea, coffee, and water hot while on the breakfast table saving the expense of a spirit lamp. She procured several small pieces of soapstone, round, square, and oblong; and had two or more heated in the oven before breakfast. These were placed on the table (each one on a trivet to avoid burning the cloth). The hot water pot was placed on one, the tea on another, and it was practically having a little stove on the breakfast table.

It is necessary to tell the maid that the pot for hot water should always be *full*. She will otherwise send in only about as much as is poured out. If *full* it keeps hot. Soapstone does not cool for a long time.

2. In cold winter weather many persons make fruitless efforts to keep warm at night (with an open window on sanitary and hygienic principles). In our family we have for many years found it answered the purpose to place *on* the mattress and *under* the under sheet a very thin mattress stuffed with *wool* (not cotton). This has more effect than adding six blankets as coverings. The wool mattress might be called a *very* thick comforter.

3. Mothers need not be afraid of rocking a baby to sleep. Try it in any way you like for yourself, and you will see that regular, gentle, monotonous motion does not "stupefy the brain" as doctors have declared. It *soothes* the *nerves*.

4. To keep flies out of a bedroom leave no water exposed. Cover the pitcher or glass of drinking water. Flies are thirsty creatures, and will not *remain* in a room where they cannot drink.

5. In dusting books set ready a pail of water and dust into it. You will be surprised to see how large a proportion of dust the water catches. It soon becomes black.

6. Doctors often advise a person who is sensitive to cold to wear a merino undervest with sleeves, at night as well as by day. It is much more comfortable to wear *over* the

night-dress a short, loose sack made of soft flannel.

[The Editor of the *Cheerful Letter* is glad to receive such suggestions as these.]

LETTERS OF A SISTER.

NEWTON, August 1, 1839.

To her Brother, James Freeman Clarke.

My dear James,—I think there is no danger that our union should ever be broken. It seems to me that the friendship of a brother and sister may defy Time and the Universe to destroy it. It is in the very nature of things that it should continue, for it is like parallel lines which, though they never meet, can yet never separate without changing their nature. So you and I will not be alienated by any accident of fate or fortune, and if a preordained development should cause us to diverge we should not in that case care much about it.

As it is, loving you as I do, I am yet quite willing that you should have one to love you better than I can, and to give you the happiness of an intimate union with a lovelier nature, and I shall never think you love me less because you love A. more. I only hope that she will love me too, and that I shall at last have a sister. That was always a great defect in our family that it was not a "daughter-full house," and it remains with you brethren to repair that defect.

August 7th.—My dear James, I laugh at your fears that I shall never get to paint with Mr. Allston, for lo! I have a room at Cambridgeport and have already passed two days in it, and on each of those two days Mr. Allston gave me two hours of his company. He has begun a picture for me to finish in which he is to show me his method, so far as he has one. I am to go there every day for a fortnight and you may be sure shall make the most of the time, so that if I do not write to you for some time to come, you will understand that I am otherwise engaged.

I have a choice anecdote for your private and particular gratification. When Mr. Ticknor was in England conversing with Lord Brougham about our institutions and men, his Lordship asked Mr. Ticknor what he had to tell him of Mr. Brownson. Mr. Ticknor did not relish this question and replied that he knew nothing of him; that he was considered rather low, and in fact thought not much of in Boston; that *he* was not acquainted with him. "Then let me tell you, sir," said Lord Brougham, "that you ought to get acquainted with him, for he is a great man, sir; one of the greatest,—not only of your country, but of the present age." Whereat Mr. Ticknor was much disconcerted and seriously contemplates getting introduced to Orestes Furioso.

It is also said that Cousin remarked that Channing was *très respectable*, but that Brownson was the great man.

Give my love to A., and tell her that I miss her

> "When the morning calls
> As one that mingled in our mirth;
> I miss her when the evening falls,
> A trifle wanted on the hearth;

and that morning and evening and at noon of day I love her and wish for that letter that she promised me, and that I hope the first act of Mrs. C. will be to redeem the promise of A. H.

I forgot to tell you that the Counsellor took upon himself to pronounce a sentence of admiration upon your A. from a glimpse he had of her. The fates ordained that she should not meet that family, for when they called upon her she was out. When I asked them here to meet her they were engaged with company at home, and when we went to see them they were all away. They regretted it incessantly.

Farewell. Ever yours,

SARAH.

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My *firsts* are in malefactor, but not in psychic.

My *seconds* are in dearth, but not in deceive.

My *thirds* are in encroach, but not in highness.

My *fourths* are in quantum, but not in paddle.

My *fifths* are in Utopia, but not in daphne.

My *sixths* are in feeble, but not in fast.

My *sevenths* are in stanza, but not in mink.

My *eighths* are in notability, but not in nonsense.

My *ninths* are in economic, but not in lyrism.

My *wholes* are famous in Canadian history.

II.

CONUNDRUMS.

18. What is that which every living person has seen, but never will see again?

19. What is that which remains the same even though you take away one or all of its letters?

III.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

Famous Greeks.—Each number represents a corresponding letter in the alphabet.

1, 12, 3, 9, 2, 9, 1, 4, 5, 19, an Athenian general and politician.

16, 5, 18, 9, 3, 12, 5, 19, an Athenian statesman and orator.

12, 5, 15, 14, 9, 4, 1, 19, a king of Sparta.

16, 5, 12, 15, 16, 9, 4, 1, 19, a Theban general.

5, 16, 1, 13, 9, 14, 15, 14, 4, 1, 19, a Theban general.

IV.

HIDDEN CITIES.

1. Yes, he was fed in burgher style, I'm told.

2. That needs blue cobalt, I more paint must buy.

3. Oh, this a cram—entomology's a bore.

4. Find grounds for the pinic level and dry.

5. If I drink bitter ale, I ghosts will surely see.

V.

PI.

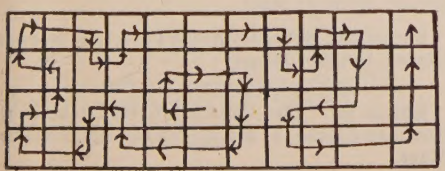
"Yb het dure dirbge hath racdeh eth lofod,
Hetir lafg ot salrip zerebe nulufdre.
Ereh noec teh mabletdet ramsefr tosod,
dan rifde het host rehad uondr eth lowrd."

Answers to Puzzles in February Number.

I. A CUBE. 1–2. Deliver. 1–3. Barrack. 2–4. Raccoon. 3–4. Kitchen. 5–6. Caprice. 5–7. Captive. 6–8. Educate. 7–8. Embrace. 1–5. Disc. 2–6. Race. 3–7. Kite. 4–8. Name.

II. CONUNDRUMS.—16. Because he holds on to the last. 17. Fox.

III. A LABYRINTH OF LETTERS.



Rutherford B. Hayes.
John Quincy Adams.
Zachary Taylor.

IV. A DIAMOND PUZZLE.

L
D O E
L O B B Y
E B B
Y

A LETTER.

I owe you, as many of my friends do, a great debt of gratitude, for the pleasure of books to read. You do not know the heart-felt gladness of the lonely hours brightened by a book sent by your society. I have not received any books for over a year. Have been sick during that time. Am hoping a change of climate may work a cure. The doctor said I must spend as much time as possible out of doors. As we wished to move, I voted to travel by wagon. We did so, until we came to the mountains; the rest of the way by train, into Seattle. We found rents very high. Therefore we located in the woods. . . . When I speak of a *home;* the land is all covered with standing timber. The men came out first, cleared a spot, then brought us out to a shanty they rented, close by. . . . Smoke fills the air from burning timber; but only two families as yet besides us. . . .

I have told you of the rough side of our daily life; now let me tell you something of the beauty of this country. In the first place, it is never very cold; the ground seldom freezes. It rains nine months in the year; of course not every day, but usually some part of the day. This is an evergreen State. At this time, January 6, the ground is covered with evergreen foliage. But, oh, the beautiful ferns, everywhere! The sword fern grows so tall, so green, so graceful! Sometimes one will see a large rock, the top covered with moss; and in that moss an evergreen tree, and ferns beneath. There are a few lace-like ferns at the present time; but they are a summer fern, and generally die, in winter.

It worries me to think my daughter has to stay out of school to take care of me, especially as this is her last year. I wish we were able to give her a musical education, but that is impossible at present. I have a younger daughter, who is so anxious for an organ, she dreams in her sleep of music. She is a natural musican; she took a few lessons, but had no organ to practise. The youngest girl just started to go to school; she has two miles to walk in the rain. She

has been out all winter, on account of moving. We have a Sunday-school, but no church near enough to attend. The children go regularly to Sunday-school. Mrs. A. M. Hausberry, Renton, Wash., R. F. D. 2.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is contrary to the rules of the Cheerful Letter Exchange to allow any one to make use of our paper by addressing letters, asking for money, clothing, or other articles, to those whose names are printed in the paper. This prohibition includes requests to borrow money and the offering of articles for sale. The name of any person who infringes this rule will be dropped from our list; and any one who received a request of this description is desired by our Executive Committee to return no answer, but to enclose the letter at once to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe St., Quincy, Mass.

The address of Mrs. Emma M. Backus is changed from Grovetown, Georgia, to College Park, Georgia.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

Headquarters of the Cheerful Letter Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. The secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, may be found there on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

The March meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange will be held at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., on Friday, March 6, at 10.30 A.M.

HEREAFTER, ADDRESS ALL COMMUNICATIONS, INTENDED FOR THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, "CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE, 25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS." THIS INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTIONS, CHANGES OF ADDRESS, REQUESTS FOR DISCONTINUANCE, BEGGING LETTERS RECEIVED BY MEMBERS OR BRANCHES.

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Arrangements will be made for lessons by correspondence in any school subject for those who are unable to leave their homes or who are far from centres of education.

Will those who would like to receive such instruction please send requests to Mrs. L. B. Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

The Editor asks POSTMASTERS who send notices of changes of address not to send these notices to the Editor, but to the Secretary, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Hereafter, subscriptions to *The Cheerful Letter* should be sent to the secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Make checks payable to Lily Blunt Porter.

Chairman, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Secretary, Mrs. Lily Blunt Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Editor of "The Cheerful Letter," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.